

Daily Kentuckian

Published Every Morning Except
Monday by
CHAS. M. MEACHAM

Editor, Chas. M. Meacham,
H. A. Robinson, Ass't Editor.

Entered at the Hopkinsville Post-
office as Second Class Mail Matter.

Established as Hopkinsville Conserv-
ative in 1866. Succeeded by Hop-
kinsville Democrat 1876. Published
as the South Kentuckian 1879 to
1889. From 1889 to 1917 as tri-
weekly Kentuckian.

Fifty-second Year of Publication.

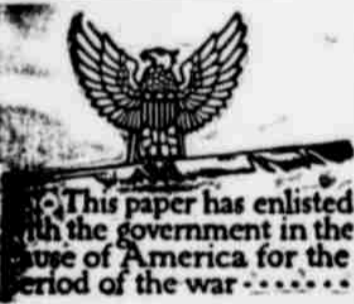
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year by mail..... \$3.00
One year by carrier..... 5.00
Shorter terms at same proportionate
rates.

Advertising Rates on Application

212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

WATCH THE DATE—After your
name, renew promptly, and not miss
a number. The Postal regulations
require subscriptions to be paid in
advance.

**OUR SERVICE FLAG**

Italy has sent Gen. Foch 250,000
men for the reserve army to go to
Berlin.

Gen. Maurice is about as popular
in England as Senator LaFollette is
in this country.

Rev. Geo. H. Sieveking, pastor of
an Evangelical church near Evans-
ville, has been interned at Atlanta
for preaching Pro-German sermons.

Sombody is doing some lying
about the Hobsonizing of Ostend. As
the Germans never report their own
disasters correctly, it is easy to guess
who the Ananias is.

The War Department issued a cas-
ualty list for Friday containing sixty-
nine names, twenty of which are fat-
alities, twenty severely wounded,
and three Americans reported pris-
oners.

Gen. March's daughter, Miss Jose-
phine, is going to dance a two step
instead of leading a German, by choos-
ing her own partner and marrying
Maj. Swing, her father's aid. The
General can balance all.

Nicaragua will line up with Uncle
Sam and help feed the Allies. She
will see that the right kind of milk
is in her cocoanuts and that her ba-
nanas have peelings that will not
slip under the heel.

American soldiers in France will
not be permitted to vote in the com-
ing elections, the war department has
definitely decided. Men in training
in this country will be allowed to
vote if their states wish to collect
the ballots.

In spite of German denials, the
closing of Ostend harbor is officially
reported to have been at least partially
successful. The old Vindictive
was sunk between the piers across
the narrow entrance, loaded with
concrete. The British lost one motor
launch, which was sunk to avoid its
falling into the hands of the ene-
my.

Wheat flour substitutes should sell
for from 10 to 20 per cent. less
than wheat flour, Food Administra-
tor Hoover notified state food admin-
istrators. The administrators were in-
structed to direct wholesalers to stop
dealing with retailers who cannot
justify their prices on the basis of
the cost of their goods. Cornmeal
and oatmeal should sell 20 per cent.
below the price of wheat flour, and
corn flour and barley flour sell 10
per cent. below wheat flour, the ad-
ministrators were informed.

SIX IN ONE DAY.

Sublieutenant Rene Fonck, the
French ace, brought down six German
airplanes in the course of two patrols.
The first two were downed in ten
seconds, the third, five minutes, and
the other three in the course of the
second patrol.

**The Birthday
Party**

By SUSAN CLAGETT

A crunch of feet upon the hard
snow; a gurgle of laughter ending in
a scream of delight. Blair Henderson
lifted his head, a smile upon his lips.
He glanced at his desk piled high with
work, hesitated, turned toward the
window, paused again, then walked
across the room, threw up the sash
and leaned out.

At the moment no one was in sight;
then, amid a gale of laughter, a ho-
sted came from the end of the house
rushing with the fleetness of the wind
down the steeply sloping lawn. Blair
counted as the sled passed. "Where
on earth did the youngsters get them
all," he wondered. His gaze followed
the children out of sight then came
back to a woman standing near the
steps leading up to the house.

She did not turn her head and, given
the opportunity, he watched her. In-
tently noting the wind-blown hair;
the brilliant color of the half-seen
cheek. He was struck, too, by the per-
fect poise of his sister's friend who
had been a guest in his home for sev-
eral weeks. Absorbed in his work he
had scarcely noticed her before; had
shown her only such courtesy as was
due her as a house guest, meeting her
only at meal time, and lately not then.
He had given this no heed. Now, as
he watched her, he idly wondered if
she had been away and had just re-
turned. As the thought came to him
she ran quickly up the steps and into
the hall.

An hour later a very tired little boy
crept into his uncle's arms to tell of
his wonderful afternoon.

"You know, it's my birthday, an'
Mutter gave me a party an' told me
I could go out into the byways and
hedges an' gather 'em in. I didn't
know just what she meant, Uncle Blair,
an' I didn't see no hedges an' no by-
ways, but I went out on the street an'
found Jimmy who sells papers an'
black shoes. He's great—and Jimmy
told me 'bout the apple boy who lives
way off from here, an' we went for
him an' he told me of Bobby Burns.
He has only one leg, but that didn't
make any difference 'cause his crutch
walks as fast as the good leg. An'
coming back we met the butcher's
boy, and I asked him as nice as I
could an' when we got back Tim was
here an' cook's boy and girl."

The man laughed. "I hope your
mother had enough to eat."
"It was just beautiful. There was
ice cream hearts an' cakes an' san-
wiches an' Ellen told us stories about
St. Valentine, 'cause I'm a Valentine
baby. Did you know that, Uncle
Blair?"

Blair the elder drew the boy close.
"Surely, the most wonderful valentine
I ever heard of. But who is Ellen?"
"The boy looked surprised. "Why,
you see her every day."

"I do? Then perhaps I don't know
her by that name. But it sounds
familiar." He thought for a moment,
diving back into old memories. "I had
a little sweetheart by that name. She
was just about as big as you and she
sent me a valentine every year until
after I went to college. I have one of
them in the back of my watch where
I can look at it now and then." He
pulled out his watch, opened it and
glazed at the picture within with a
reminiscent smile. "That was the
last one she sent me and I never heard
from her again. I am always looking
for her and sometime I hope I will
find her."

The youngster looked at the draw-
ing with interest. "Ellen's watch has
one, too," he said. "A big boy gave
it to her when she was a little girl.
Isn't it funny both of you've got pic-
tures, only hers is lots prettier. Two
little birds, she calls them love birds,
kissing each other—lots prettier than
those hearts with a stick running
through 'em."

The watch closed with a snap and a
look of keen interest crept into the
man's eyes.

"I must make the acquaintance of
this wonderful lady who tells stories
and carries love birds about with her.
Where can we find her?"

Blair looked at his uncle in aston-
ishment. "Don't you really, truly
know her? She's been here a long
time. She did go away but came back
yesterday, an' she's been slidin' down
hill all mornin'. You're jokin' Uncle
Blair."

"Do you mean Miss Fairbanks? Is
she 'Ellen'?"

Blair junior nodded. "An' now I
must go an' it certainly is nice to have
birthday parties." Slipping from his
uncle's knees the boy marched from
the room leaving the man in a brown
study from which he did not emerge
until aroused by the opening of the
library door.

The girl paused as she was about to
enter, then came into the room. Even
then she seemed to hesitate, he
thought, and watched her intently as
she approached, searching for some
resemblance between this woman of
graceful bearing and the awkward but
lovable child who had grown into his
heart when a youth. He offered her
his chair and himself stood before the
glowing fire.

He was unconscious of the intent-
ness of his gaze as he searched her
face and as she did not speak at once,
he said abruptly:

"My nephew has made of my mind
a maze of memories, Miss Fairbanks.
Will you be so good as to clear them
up?"

hair back a trifle from your left ear.
I do not mean to be rude, but I want
to identify you, as your name is un-
familiar. I lost a very dear friend
years ago. I have looked for her but
have not found her. Today Blair
tells me she may have been in my
home for weeks past."

From the depths of her chair she
looked up at him. There was a little
smile about her lips as she replied:
"The years have effaced the scar.
Mr. Henderson, if it is that you have
in mind."

"Thank heaven if there is no trace
of it. I have always been afraid I
disfigured you for life. But without
it how am I to know that you are
really you?"

"Am I so greatly changed?"

"You have heard of the duckling
and the swan?"

"Surely it was not as bad as that,
but now that you mention it I recall
that you named me 'duckling.'" She
laughed. "I have been wondering how
long it would take you to remember
me and when I entered the room I had
reached the moment when I despaired
of recognizing Mr. Henderson. I must
have made of your life a burden. Boys
do not always care for adoration, and
I adored you."

"It develops chivalry in the right
sort of a fellow," he answered thought-
fully, as he watched her. "I have
often wondered what became of you;
why you should have dropped so ut-
terly from my life. I was bewil-
dered when I found you gone. I had
been so long accustomed to adoration
that it was hard to adjust myself to
the colder attitude of those about me.
You had grown into the very fibres of
my being. The duckling was lovable.
I missed her and I missed the care I
took of her, although the scars did not
attest to it. I wanted to die when I
saw you lying in the snow with the
blood running down your face."

He smiled at the remembrance. "No
one seemed to know where your father
went after your mother's death. But
I made a covenant with myself; to
find you. I never thought of you as
grown up. It was always as my little
sweetheart, which of course was fool-
ish."

"Why, of course," she asked sedate-
ly. "Don't you think a child can re-
tain a memory?" She unplanned the
watch hanging upon her breast, open-
ed it and held it so that he could see
two little birds drawn upon a scrap of
paper.

"I can match that." He snapped his
own open showing two hearts pierced
by a dart. "But there was something
else." He was showing more of ear-
nestness than the occasion seemed to
demand.

The girl colored. "I have forgotten."
"Your pardon, but I think not."
She still held her watch, but as he
spoke it fell from her fingers. Some-
thing bright rolled away from it and
a slip of paper fell so that a line of
writing was visible.

Blair Henderson stooped, his color
rising as he picked up the trifles.
"Why did you say that you had for-
gotten?" he asked. "Did you believe
the boy could know what he wanted
and not desire it as a man?" He
looked at the tiny ring set with tur-
quoise forget-me-nots; the scrap of
paper upon which was written "to my
wife." "Was that the reason?"

"Why should I remember anything
when for four weeks I have been a
guest in your home and you did not
recognize me?"

"That is over and done with. I
know you now, although I yet do not
understand your change of name. Are
you going to play with me or will you
be honest and give me the chance to
show you the man is as earnest as the
boy once was?"

"I think, Blair, the difference be-
tween the man and the boy is only a
matter of years. He seems about the
same to me."

"And the girl? Has she changed?"
"When her father died she was
adopted by a very dear aunt and took
her name. The years made a great
difference in appearance, but other-
wise she did not alter. Old memories
were too precious to part with and she
still clings to them. I cannot play
with you, Blair. I am happy in the
thought that boy and man are of the
same mind, and if the little ring was
not so small I would be wearing it
now."

"That is a fault easily remedied," he
returned, as he drew her to him. "You
must let me have the measure of your
finger."

Why the Blue Heron is Funny.

Did you ever watch a great blue
heron fishing? Knee deep he stands
in some pool, stream or bay, and no
marble statue has anything on him for
being immovable, says the Philadel-
phia Ledger. Presently some member
of the finny tribe, perhaps a chap out
of class or the whole school even,
wanders by beneath the crystal depth
and—whack! The combination of long
beak and dagger bill does a stunt
that is both funny and effective and
generally gets the fish. The entire ap-
pearance is peculiar and hard to describe;
it is much like a miniature and plumed
clothesrack with a crazy tongs at-
tachment, the latter being lengthened
by a released watchspring. You can
see it, but merely so; no more than
that.

Cross Purposes.

"Brother Hardesty, you believe in
the efficacy of prayer, don't you?"
"Sure I do."

"Well, some of us have been pray-
ing that we may be able to raise money
enough to build a new meeting house
this year, you know."

"Yes, and some of us has been pray-
ing that we may be able to make the
old one last one more year; an' that's
the prayer, Brother Hardesty, that's
what we're praying for."

Preferred Locals

STEADY

EMPLOYMENT

and

GOOD WAGES

Laborers

Iron and

Wood Working

Machine Hands

Blacksmiths

and

Helpers

Wheel Makers

and Helpers

MOGUL

WAGON CO.

(Incorporated.)

Hopkinsville, Ky.

21st Street.

FOR TAXI—Call J. H. Reese. 549.

FOR SALE—Poodle pup, male.
Phone 575.

Would like to make engagement
for creamery butter. Phone 28-5
Edgerton Exchange. 52-St.

FOR SALE—Wall paper 5c to 80c
per roll. Stock replenished each
week. Also "Stick Right" paste, pow-
dered form. See Mrs. Emma Catlett &
Son. Phone 790. 311 S. Walnut st.

POSITION WANTED—By an ex-
perienced young lady Stenographer
and bookkeeper. Can go on duty at
once. Apply at Daily Kentuckian
office for particulars.

WOOL CARDING—Wool rolls for
hand spinning and wool batting for
quilts. Cash for wool.

JAMES CATE & SON CO.,
Incorporated.
Hopkinsville, Ky.

WANTED—We have a customer
for a small farm with moderate im-
provements and close to town. Also,
a party who wants to buy a small
mercantile business.

RADFORD & JOHNSON.

FOR RENT—Seven room cottage
at No. 28 West 17th street. Cistern
and city water, electric lights, gas
and sewer connection. Good gar-
den. Rent \$200 a year. Immediate
possession.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

FOR SALE.

\$25.00 scholarship in Draughan's
Practical Business College, Nash-
ville, Tenn., good for twenty-five dol-
lars cash in payment of tuition. Will
make liberal discount. Inquire at
Daily Kentuckian office.

SMALL FARM AT BARGAIN.

We have for sale a good little 62-
acre farm, just four miles from town,
in the southern portion of the coun-
ty, on a good pike and very close to
a splendid school. Prices reasonable.

RADFORD & JOHNSON.

SMALL FARM.

We have for sale a small farm
with fair improvements, 4½ miles
South of Hopkinsville, on good pike
and close to good school. Price rea-
sonable and can give immediate pos-
session.

RADFORD & JOHNSON.

REAL ESTATE BARGAINS.

FOR SALE—300 acres of good
red clay land just 3½ miles from
Hopkinsville on one of the best pikes
in the county. Well improved, well
watered, and a nice showy place. Can
sell at a bargain and give possession
at once.

RADFORD & JOHNSON.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids will be received until
noon, May 21st, by the Fiscal Court,
of Christian County, for the con-
struction of ¼ miles of macadam
road on the Butler Road, near Honey
Grove, also for 2,000 yards crushed
stone on Woodburn Highway and
2,500 yards more or less on Crofton
and Castlebury Road, near Crofton.
The right is reserved to reject any
or all bids. For plans and specifica-
tions see

J. H. DILLMAN,
Road Engineer.
Hopkinsville, Ky., May 7, 1918.

KOLB & HOWE

Jewelers and Opticians

We have just received a large
assortment of Cluster Diamond
Rings and other attractive Gifts suit-
able for Commencements, Wedding
Presents, etc.

Also a complete line of Novelties
for soldiers.

Gold and Silver Plating a Specialty.
Stationery, Wedding Invitations,
Visiting Cards, etc. Engraved.

No. 8 S. Main.

GEO. KOLB

Phone 344.

WALTER HOWE

City Bank & Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits

\$180,000.00

Deposits Over

One Million Dollars

The Largest of Any Bank in Christian County

The Long and Successful Career of This

Bank Recommends It As a Safe Depository.

W. T. TANDY, President

JNO. B. TRICE, Vice-Pres.

IRA L. SMITH, Cashier

J. A. BROWNING, Jr., Ass't Cashier

JOE McCARROLL, JR., Ass't Cashier

Pork! Pork! Pork!

Do not neglect your hogs,
Feed a Balanced Ration
and push them to maturity.

In this way you help our gov-
ernment, our army, our navy,
our allies and yourself most of
all.

The Acme Mills.

Incorporated

Percy Smithson

Livery and Board Stable

Hopkinsville, Ky.

EVERYTHING
UP-TO-DATE

Phone 32. Virginia Street, Between 7th and 8th

